

The Hong Kong Daily Press

No. 9199 號九十九百一十九第

日九初月五日三十緒光

HONGKONG, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29th, 1887.

三月禮 號九十二月六英港香

PRICE \$2 PER MONTH

SHIPPIING.

ARRIVALS.

June 27. YAROSLAVI, British steamer, 1,093
Gross Tons, Vladivostok 23rd June, General—MELCHERS & Co.
June 27. WATLING, Chinese str., 380, F. Piper,
Kowloon 23rd June, Coals—SANDER & Co.
June 28. MALWA, British steamer, 1,707, Athin-
son, British, 11th June, and Singapor
23rd Mails and General—P. & O. S. N. Co.
June 28. AMIGO, German steamer, 771, A. Hes-
dawat, Singapor 23rd June, General—
CHINESE.
June 29. BATAVIA, British steamer, 1,557, J.
Price, Singapore 22nd June, General—
ADAMSON, BELL & Co.
June 29. TAICHOW, British str., 262, Joseph
Newton, Bangkok 19th June, Rice and
General—YUEN FAT HONG.
June 28. ANCONA, British steamer, 3,132, J. P.
Hassall, Shanghai 23rd June, Mails and
General—P. & O. S. N. Co.
June 28. GLOUCESTON, British steamer, 2,635, E.
Godey, Shanghai 24th June, General—
JARDINE, MATHESON & Co.
June 28. ANVOY, British steamer, 814, R. Kohler,
Whampoa 28th June, General—SMEESSEN
& Co.
CLEARANCES.
AT THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE.
23rd JUNE.
Dafila, British str., for Swatow.
Thales, British str., for Swatow.
Hailong, British str., for Koloa.
Signal, German str., for Chulmop (Korea).
Deepdale, British str., for Port Darwin.
Port Augusta, British str., for Amy.
Meclaus, British str., for Shanghai.
Tyrus, German str., for Vladivostok.
Tzui-yuan, British str., for Amy.
Yaroslav, Russian str., for Foochow.
Yaroslav, Russian str., for Singapore.

DEPARTURES.

June 28. DANUBE, British str., for Haiphong.
June 29. LIMA, Portuguese gunboat, for
Shanghai.
June 29. YAROSLAV, Russ str., for Singapore.
June 29. TINTA, German str., for Vladivostok.
June 29. TAI-TUAN, British str., for Australia.
June 29. MOSSIE, British str., for Nagasaki.
June 29. TRAILER, British str., for Taiwan.
June 29. HALOON, British str., for Koloa.
June 29. DEEPDALE, British str., for Australia.
June 29. PORT AUGUSTA, British str., for Van-
couver.
June 29. MINELAUS, British str., for Shanghai.
PASSENGERS.
ARRIVED.
Per Watling, str., from Kelung—7 Chi-
nese.
Per Yaroslav, str., from Vladivostok—
Prince Abkhan.
Per Mather, str., from London, &c.—For
Hongkong—Messrs. C. Parlington, and W.
Dowson, from Bridgwater, From Penang—19
Chinese. From Singapore—Lieut. P.
Simmonds and servant, Mr. J. Harris, and 13
Chinese. From Shanghai—Mr. T. Bryan, from
Fiji. From Penang—Mr. J. J. Jones, from
Kuching. From Bangkok—Mr. A. S. Raphael.
Per Taichow, str., from Bangkok—29 Chinese.
Per Amigo, str., from Singapore—35 Chinese.
Per Batavia, str., from Singapore—Mr. Robt.
Roddock, and 26 Chinese.
Per Ancon, str., from Shanghai—for Hong-
kong—Mr. and Mrs. Spinney, Dr. Gabriel.
Messer, Reuter and Sajp and servant, and 1 dis-
tressed passenger. For Bombay—Mr. and Mrs.
Greenwood and family. For Victoria—Mr.
Purcell.
DEPARTED.
Per Diamante, str., for Amy—Mr. C. H.
Hastings, and 2 Chinese.
Per Port Augusta, str., for Yokohama—Capt.
E. Marcotte, and 2 Chinese steerage. For
Victoria, San Francisco, &c.—23 Chinese steerage.
For Liverpool—Mr. Roderick Mackenzie.

REPORTS.

The British steamer Batavia, from Singapore
22nd June, reports had light variable winds and
fine weather.

The British steamer Taichow, from Bangkok
19th June, and Koo-chi-chang 22nd, reports ex-
perienced light S.E. and S.W. winds throughout
and fine weather.

VESSELS PASSED ANKER.

June 21. Ned. str. Batavia, Boon, June 21,
from Batavia for Rotterdam.

June 23. Franso, str., from Copenhagen, May
23, from Massaua for Gedo.

June 13. German man-of-war Nautilus, Hoven,
June 13, from Batavia for Aden.

June 15. British ship Thomas Hillyard, Jones,
April 23, from Manila for New York.

SHANGHAI SHIPPING.

JUNE.
ARRIVALS.

15. Pan Hua, British str., from Hankow.

16. Kiang-ting, Chinese str., from Ningpo.

16. Kiang-ting, Chinese str., for Amoy.

16. Ngankia, British str., from Hankow.

16. Wisman, German str., from Nagasaki.

16. W. C. de Vries, British str., from Hankow.

16. Ichang, British str., from Ningpo.

16. Fu-hu, British str., from Hankow.

17. Shu-nan, British str., from Tientsin.

17. Artisan, British bark, from New York.

18. Langfang, Chinese str., from Ningpo.

18. Taku, British str., from Foochow.

18. Kiang-ting, Chinese str., from Hankow.

18. Yoritomo Maru, Jay.str., from Nagasaki.

18. Glenfrith, British str., from Hankow.

19. Norden, Danish str., from Japan.

19. Rambles, British str., from Bonham Island.

JUNE.
DEPARTURES.

16. Yuen Wo, British str., for Hankow.

16. Kwang-tung, Chinese str., for Hongkong.

16. Hsia-shin, Chinese str., for Amoy.

16. Foo-kang, British str., for Amy.

16. Hsia-shin, Chinese str., for Tientsin.

16. Kiang-ting, Chinese str., for Ningpo.

16. Ing, German steamer, for Nagasaki.

17. Loewangs, British str., for Tientsin.

17. Yehsin, Chinese str., for Chaofo.

17. Yung-ching, Chinese str., for Chinkiang.

17. Chung-kuang, British str., for Chaofo.

17. Chung-kuang, British str., for Tientsin.

17. Wisman, German steamer, for Nagasaki.

17. Ichang, British str., for Ningpo.

17. Fu-hu, British str., for Hankow.

18. Ngankia, British str., for Hankow.

18. Tokio Maru, Japanese str., for Japan.

18. Anday, French str., for Hongkong.

18. Hsia-shin, Chinese str., for London.

18. Foo-kang, British str., for Amy.

18. Hsia-shin, Chinese str., for Tientsin.

18. Kiang-ting, Chinese str., for Ningpo.

18. Ing, German str., for Nagasaki.

18. Ichang, British str., for Ningpo.

18. Tokio Maru, Japanese str., for Japan.

18. Tokio Maru, Japanese str., for Japan.

18. Foo-kang, British str., for Chaofo.

18. Hsia-shin, Chinese str., for Chaofo.

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know our cost! The reef was masked on the chart, the night was clear, and the Captain was on the bridge at the time of the accident. He had evidently misjudged the distance, the steamer was from land, but the distance he did calculate on could not have left much margin for safety.

At 7 o'clock a boat manned by the third officer and four men put off to see whether landing was possible. They passed safely through the passes and made their landing on the shores of the island (northeast), and there they were unfortunately taken by the Amis that they had been better off in life in a jail under the British Government than to pass life in the Amis's service.

THE JUBILEE IN LONDON.

LONDON, 13th June.

The Queen in deference to public wishes will visit her royal crown and robes at the ceremony.

Her Majesty will, however, wear ordinary attire, and orders and decorations of her way to the Abbey.

Jubilee Day will be the occasion of an immense military display in London, and all branches of the service will be represented.

Prince Albert Victor and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have arrived in London.

LONDON, 14th June.

The following order of procession to Westminister Abbey has been arranged for the Jubilee Day.

It will be divided into three parts, comprising upwards of 40 carriages. Indian princes will lead the first procession, after which will come the carriage of Her Majesty, preceded and followed by a mounted escort, consisting of all the English princes of the blood, and thirties others closely related to the royal family, including the Marquis of Lorne.

INDIA AND THE JUBILEE.

LONDON, 14th June.

The London correspondent of the "Daily Gazette" understands that no Indian decoration will be conferred on the occasion of the celebration of the Jubilee.

In England the occasion will be availed of for the creation of a higher rank of the Order of the India Empire, which will be limited to royalties and a few others.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

BERLIN, 12th June.

The latest bulletin states that the Emperor will be present at the S.W. review.

The poor fellow had been 31 hours in water, the boat of which he was one of the seven having upset in trying to get ashore the second time. He reported that he and another made for the shore, two made for land, whilst the fifth stuck to the boat.

We could not help thinking that some if not all the rest of the crew were less fortunate, and we went to dinner with an Englishman who had been ashore before sitting down, a report was brought that a steamer had been sighted. The prostrate Baron was up and off on deck like shot and the rest sat down to dinner with good appetite which was improved when the report was confirmed, the steamer having been recognised as a "blue funnel" (Holt's line). One gun was fired and we soon heard that the steamer had received our signals of distress and was bearing down to us. Another incident happened now: Mrs. Fletcher, who had borne up gallantly all day so as to overcome the good news that she became hysterical and had to be treated with morphine. Poor lady! she was suffering badly from dropsy, which was seriously aggravated by the exertion of getting up to go through, and she is now in a dying condition.

At 5 o'clock a boat with the first officer, 4 men and 18 third-class passengers put off to the steamer and in about three-quarters of an hour signals showed that she had safely arrived.

We were now all pretty happy and treated the thumps of the breaker with nonchalance, thinking perhaps that the stronger the waves were, the more chance there was of a quiet arrival.

At 5 a.m. morning we were docked in a rock jacket and holding onto the bundles of cloths, &c., that they hoped to take off. In most cases these had to be abandoned and the greater part of us left with just our bare clothes and tooth-brushes. The first boat took off all the ladies and children and was soon clear of the breakers. Boat after boat followed quickly and did not safely away. When the last boat had gone the Captain and about 20 of the crew on board, and the boat off the first officer with a crew and eight came back from the Cyclops (our deliverer proved to be). They had a tremendous pull against the wind, waves and current, but were successful and at 8 a.m. the last man boarded the Cyclops. The mail and two dogs of the Captain were also saved, a tame leopard and a bear cub, which had been left on the Cyclops for H. E. Prince Frederick Augustus, which could not fly, were behaved and the only living things left on the ill-fated Oder were two monkeys who climbed about.

To say we were glad to be safely on board the Cyclops is to use a mild expression. It is almost impossible to realize the narrowness of our escape. Had we struck a few hundred yards farther west we would probably have been in places the same day, and we were not sighted by the Cyclops, we should have been obliged to try a landing to-day, as owing to the tanks having been submerged there was barely one day's water supply for 173 souls on board!

Captain Nish and all the officers of the Cyclops are treating us with every kindness and hospitality and seem almost as pleased to have saved us as we to have been saved. The steamer's resources in the way of supplies were not sufficient to take us to Colonia, so we are being brought to Aden, whence we hope to proceed after getting some additions to our wardrobe by the first homeward bound steamer.

The coast was carefully scouted by some signs of the missing men being visible, but nothing could be seen. The captain hopes to make his way to Colonia as soon as possible to receive our supplies. Most of the luggage was left on the Cyclops, and the sea was so bad that we had to leave the deck-house, and owing to the fact that the ship was moving over the quarter-deck all Monday, increase in violence, it is probable that all will be lost.

THE ENGLISH MAIL.

The P. & O. steamer "Malwa," with the English mail of the 27th May, arrived here yesterday morning. The following telegrams are from Indian and Ceylon papers:

UNFRIENDLY ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA TOWARDS BRITAIN.

LONDON, 6th June.

The London correspondent of the "Bombay Gazette" telegraphs:—The Russian Government, the "Times" Moscow correspondent affirms, has decided to send a British Consul at the place where the new telegraph lines between the Afghan frontier have been strung, and has given permission to the special correspondent of the "Times" to report to Central Asia, who has refused on the advice of M. Ratkov of the "Moscow Gazette." The "Times" writes in an angry menacing tone, saying that the Government of India is able to regard with indifference the action of Russia, and that if ever such happen the Government will have no reason to complain.

The Russian officer General Brodovitch, whose son-in-law Dhulip Singh has undertaken his mission to Russia, has resigned his commission in the army to join a caravan, of which the owner is a Moscow merchant. The caravan has set out from Merv in charge of some of General Alibekoff's officers, who are disguised as traders. The "Times" affirms that it is undoubtedly the intention of the Russian Government to effect a march on the caravan, pre-tending to be a merchant in charge of a caravan, effected the annexation of Merv.

PHILIP SINGH.

LAHORE, 30th May.

It is rumoured at Ghazni that Dhulip Singh is to be employed by the Russians in stirring up trouble on the border as he has sympathies in the Jamrud, Sialkot, as well as in the Panjab, and it is believed that Dhulip Singh is in communication with certain Native Chiefs in the Panjab, and that emissaries from Cashmere with letters for Dhulip Singh have passed through Bokhara into Russian territory.

THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

LONDON, 31st May.

The Irish Lawn Tennis Championship Cup has been won by Mr. Ernest Headway, who beat Mr. Lawford, the last year's winner—Pioneer.

THE STATE OF AFGHANISTAN.

LAFROUZ, 2nd June.

Very bad accounts come via Jellalabad of the state of popular feeling in Eastern Afghanistan. The Amir appears to have thrown over the rudiments of Statecraft overboard, for he neither protects his subjects nor favours his soldiers.

The former he plunders, and the latter go with open palm. The troops in garrison are armed, which they receive are insufficient, and their pay is seven months in arrears,—and those who have families are reduced to miserable straits. Mullahs are intriguing the people to revolt: Trade in Afghanistan is reported to be dying out on account of the severity of taxation. The Afghans now love the Amir as the Russians love the Tsar,—they want to be ruled by him. The soldiers are so much impressed by the Amir that they prefer to live better than life in a jail under the British Government than to pass life in the Amir's service.

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THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

The Crown Prince and Princess have started for London.

THE EGYPTIAN CONVENTION.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 12th June.

One of the changes which Turkey proposes should be made in the Egyptian Convention is that Turkey alone should be entitled to send troops to Egypt to restore order in the event of internal disorder there.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 14th June.

Sir H. D. White, the English Ambassador, has ratified the Egyptian Convention and has notified the Porte that he only waives the Sultan's trade for the exchange of British and Turkish ratifications to be made.

THE CYCLONE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

BOMBAY, 14th June.

Vessels which have arrived here to-day report that a great cyclonic disturbance has occurred in the southern part of the Indian Ocean, and the arrival of heavy winds and rain.

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THE CYCLONE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

BOMBAY, 14th

LAST ACT.

QUEER STORY.

MR. NEGOILY'S ACADEMY PICTURE.

Mr. Michael Angelo Megilp was a young artist of some performance and of considerable promise. But like many other men in that position, he was often heavily handicapped by the want of ready money, and though his pictures were tolerably well spoken of by the critics, and lauded to the skies by his friends, the picture-dealers gave him only very moderate prices for them.

Still, in spite of this drawback, Megilp, being of a cheerful, happy-go-lucky disposition, kept up his courage, worked hard, and late in the studio, and believed firmly that some day a favourable turn in his affairs would come. He had married early a young lady possessed of more beauty than fortune; in fact, Mrs. Megilp's marriage portion of six hundred pounds only just paid for the furnishing of the house and studio at Kensington, where the young couple began housekeeping.

But with the best intentions, the young wife was not a very skilful manager, so gradually the Megils gilded into debt, and in due course the tradesmen became restive and refused further supplies until their little bills were paid. When Michael Angelo and his wife came to add on their liabilities, they found that they amounted to nearly two hundred pounds, a sum total which seemed terrible to poor little Mrs. Megilp.

"Where on earth can we get £200, Argy?" she cried, clasping her hands tightly. "All your pictures, even if you could sell them, won't fetch that."

"There's the furniture, you know, Madge," hazarded Megilp. "It's been bought with your money. What do you say to it?"

"Oh, don't—don't sell it! I couldn't bear to part with all my pretty things," she interrupted with a loving glance round her drawing-room, which was quite a picture of modest elegance.

"I shouldn't think of asking you to make such a sacrifice, dear," replied Michael Angelo, soothingly; "but we could raise £200 on it easily."

"You're—quite sure the furniture would be safe?"

"Perfectly sure; and I think I know the man who will do the business—a bill of sale, you know—not half a bad way of raising money."

Accordingly, Megilp went next morning down to Wardour-street, and in a dirty little brick-a-brac shop he unscratched the worthy Isrealites who were to oblige him with the loan.

"You want £200 on a bill of sale on your furniture?" said Mr. Zerbubabel, when the artist had explained his errand.

"Surely you can take my word that there is more than ample security for the amount I want. Besides presents, we ourselves spent over six hundred pounds only two years ago," replied Michael Angelo, angrily.

Mr. Zerbubabel had his fat forefinger along his great, hooked nose, and winked, adding—

"I dare say. Still, I'd rather have a look at it before we do business. If you give me your address I'll call on you to-morrow."

Michael Angelo swallowed his vexation as best he could, gave his address, and left the brick-a-brac shop.

Mr. Zerbubabel duly paid his visit of inspection, and in the course of a few days the negotiation was a fait accompli. The Megils paid their bills, the tradespeople smiled once more on Mrs. Megilp, and matters went on quite smoothly for several months. The interest on the £200 was punctually paid, and early in the year Michael Angelo finished the picture he intended to send in to Burlington House.

Every one who entered the studio professed great things of this picture, and every one agreed that "Chloe Counting Her Chickens" was, so far, Megilp's *chef d'œuvre*. The artist himself founded all his hopes of fame on this charming work.

"I won't take a penny less than £500 for it," he said to his wife, after the visit of a distinguished art critic to his studio. "Carter says it will take the town by storm—and so it will."

"I wish you could sell it soon," sighed Mrs. Megilp. "I often feel uncomfortable about that dreadfull bill of sale—it's like what's-his-name's sword hanging over our heads."

"Oh, the furniture is safe enough," replied Michael Angelo, lightly. "But I tell you what it is, Madge—it's handle the frightened fully to have a bill of sale registered against me."

"Why don't you go and see Zerbubabel, and try to come to terms with him?" suggested Mrs. Megilp. "Of course, he has heard of 'Chloe'—every one has—and if you promise to pay him when you have sold your picture, surely he can't refuse to give you back that horrid document."

Though hardly taking this optimistic view of matters, Megilp acted on his wife's advice, and forthwith paid a visit to Mr. Zerbubabel's shop.

When he had preferred his request, the brick-a-brac seller smiled and shook his head.

"Misch Zerbubabel wasn't born yesterday," he said, with a knowing look in his twinkling black eyes. "Your picture mayn't be worth a five-pound note."

"What's your 'Corner? But even if the picture were worth £500," grumbled Mr. Zerbubabel; "it wouldn't pay me to buy it at such price. But why do you want to quash the bill of sale?" stammered Michael Angelo.

"Herfah! I don't wonder. What's the name of it?" went on the dealer, reading the legend inscribed on the frame, "Margarete Manding her Stockings." "No that won't suit me; it's a big, ugly thing, and shocking raw. You've done better work since—"

"All of which is sold," interrupted Megilp, in a huff, "except this little thing—'Sour Grapes'."

But again the dealer shook his head, and took his stand before the easel, on which stood "Chloe."

"I'll give you £300 for it," he said at last.

Michael Angelo was taken aback. He would rather Levi had the picture than Zerbubabel, but it seemed hard that he should make no present profit out of this—his best work.

"A picture I sent in to Burlington House last year, but it wasn't accepted," stammered Michael Angelo.

"I want to be rid of this business. It doesn't suit me to have a thing of this sort hanging over me—in fact, it is against me in my profession," he said.

"Better find the £200, then," replied the money-lender, insolently; "but, personally, I'm not fond of buying pigs in a blanket, or pictures by unknown artists, though perhaps other people may be. No, sir, it's for you to find them, not for me."

"Good morning, my dear Mr. Sorry I can't oblige you!"

"Horrid old scamp," muttered Megilp, as he left Zerbubabel's shop and turned his face westward.

"Not to be caught by chaff, my fine gentleman," commented the amiable brick-a-brac dealer, turning back into his dingy abode. "You don't get off your bargain so easily as that." Then he proceeded to unlock a safe-proof in a corner of his sanctum, and glared greedily over the documents—reposing therein—documents which represented some remarkably hard bargains driven by Mr. Zerbubabel with his lawless prey, men in difficulties. He was interrupted in this pleasant recreation—one in which he usually spout any square moments he could snatch from business—by the entrance of friend and compatriot, one Abizan Levi, a picture-dealer by trade.

After an exchange of amicable greetings, the two gentlemen spent half-an-hour or so in confidential conversation on the state of their respective trades; then as a pleasant diversion after this hard-work, they imbued several glasses of brandy-and-water, and smoked as many high-flavoured cigars.

Perhaps Mr. Levi consumed more than his fair share of these luxuries, for in a moment of expansion he began to talk over his business projects for the coming season.

"I've got a capital thing to view, I don't mind telling you about it, Zerbubabel, my dear boy, for you're not in the same swim, so it doesn't matter. Have you heard of young Megilp's Academy picture?"

Zerbubabel shook his head, but leant forward eagerly, with his burning eyes fixed on Mr. Levi's flushed countenance.

"Splendid thing—safe and sensational. I mean to get hold of it cheap, if I can; and as he's only a young fellow, and apparently hard up, the chances are I shall!"

"Think the picture really worth having?" asked Zerbubabel, with a depreciatory shrug.

"Not a doubt about it. You see it's an attractive subject, and one that is sure to take the public. They don't like your grand historical pictures. They prefer something pretty and pastoral, and that sort of thing. But you what you like that Megilp's picture?"

"I'll be hung on the line. At all events, I'm going round to 'Chloe' and the picture-framer's to make him an offer for it."

Mr. Zerbubabel smiled, and rubbed his hands complacently. "He had learnt something that might be useful to him."

He didn't get rid of Mr. Levi until late in the afternoon, consequently it was nearly seven o'clock before he emerged from his shop and stopped a passing bus.

In less than half an hour the brick-a-brac returned set down close to the Megilp's door.

The servants who answered the bell told him that Mr. Megilp was dining out, and in due course the tradesmen became restive and refused further supplies until their little bills were paid. When Michael Angelo and his wife came to add on their liabilities, they found that they amounted to nearly two hundred pounds, a sum total which seemed terrible to poor little Mrs. Megilp.

"Where on earth can we get £200, Argy?" she cried, clasping her hands tightly. "All your pictures, even if you could sell them, won't fetch that."

"There's the furniture, you know, Madge," hazarded Megilp. "It's been bought with your money. What do you say to it?"

"Oh, don't—don't sell it! I couldn't bear to part with all my pretty things," she interrupted with a loving glance round her studio when he got out. "Can't you call another day and see it?"

"Yes, I can," answered Mr. Zerbubabel amiably; "but as I'm here, I may as well tell you the offer I am willing to make."

Mr. Megilp's pretty face beamed with joy at the idea of arranging matters with the money-lender. It would be such a delightful surprise for Michael Angelo to see how come home to find that that tiresome business of the bill of sale had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion during his absence.

"Mr. Megilp wants to get back his bill of sale on this furniture," began Mr. Zerbubabel, with a circular sweep of his hands towards the contents of the room.

"Well, of course, my expenses in connection with this bill have been heavy—very heavy; and my loss, if I let it be paid off, will be great—very great—in fact."

"£100 will surely put me right," said Mr. Zerbubabel, in a business-like tone.

"That added to the £200 Mr. Megilp borrowed of me last year, makes £230. Now, I'll make him this offer: I'll give him a cheque for £230, and send him back the bill of sale, in consideration of his Academy picture—the one I showed him this morning," he added, giving both to him.

Hastily stuffing the post-letter into his pocket, Megilp tore open Mr. Zerbubabel's communication. "I'll wait for you to read it, he burst into a hearty laugh, drew his wife into his arms, and then he set down and wrote you this letter, sir."

Here she produced from her pocket two letters. "This other came this morning," she said, giving both to him.

"Margaret Mending her Stockings," said Megilp, under his breath.

"And I made the studio look quite nice before I showed him it. I lifted the big picture—the one of the young girl with two blue plaited hair—air'd over her back."

"LORD MONTAGUE," interpolated Michael Angelo, smiling.

"I'm afraid he has made a mistake. He meant to buy 'Chloe,'" said Mrs. Megilp, uneasily.

"Nonsense, my dear!" retorted her husband. "Here he makes me an offer in black-and-white for 'Margaret Mending her Stockings.' He ought to know what he wants. I shall have acceptance at once, and we'll burn the bill of sale to-morrow morning."

"Oh, they all are," retorted Mr. Zerbubabel, smiling. "Still, you had better think over my offer, and tell Mr. Megilp what I have to offer."

"I'm afraid he has made a mistake. He meant to buy 'Chloe,'" said Mrs. Megilp, uneasily.

"Nonetheless, my dear!" retorted her husband. "Here he makes me an offer in black-and-white for 'Margaret Mending her Stockings.' He ought to know what he wants. I shall have acceptance at once, and we'll burn the bill of sale to-morrow morning."

By the next morning's post came the bill of sale and Mr. Zerbubabel's cheque for £50. Mrs. Megilp consigned the former in solemn silence to the flames, and her husband put the latter into his pocket.

As he did so, he pulled out the letter. "I've given you the evening the evening before, and which the excitement of the moment he had completely forgotten.

It was from Mr. Abiram Levi, offering him £100 for "Chloe Counting Her Chickens."

"I never rated but 'poor,' cried the delighted artist, tossing the picture-dealer's note across to his wife.

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